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"Lullaby" is in many respects beautiful. The form of the bass is not new, and the two-bar figure which introduces the subjects in every change of key does not, sometimes, sufficiently prepare the change. But the melodies are sweet, the treatment eminently clever, and the prevailing tone is that of refined tenderness. "The Huntsman's Dream" is clear and good, but not very striking. The "Song of Praise" is strong and fervent, with much majesty and high-toned sentiment. Without deserving, perhaps, the charge of imitation, the emphatic portion of the subject inevitably suggests the thought of the Russian Hymn. The similarity is confined, barely, to two chords having the same position and effect in both pieces. Had the similarity struck Mr. Loretz, he would have altered it, than to do which nothing could be easier.

The "Little Beggar Boy," and "Do Not Go," are both charming melodies, the one simple and tender, and the other earnest and passionate. The "Sabbath-morning Bells" is a smooth, sustained melody, with an open chord accompaniment divided between the right and left hands. The idea of the bell, and the calm and subdued sentiment which its tones inspire, are cleverly and melodiously carried out. "A Gallant Knight is my Cavalier" has a quaint old ring with it, and, played in the spirit of its conception, will prove a story well told. The "Tournament at Raub" is a spirited, dashing, martial movement, with all the pomp and clang of the jousting.

The preludes or symphonies to the several motivos are deserving of special remark for their graceful, apposite foreshadowing of the subjects. These "Songs Without Words" indicate in the composer the possession of a fine talent. Without the stamp of positive originality, they show musicianly feeling, refinement of sentiment, a delicate and tender imagination combined with character and force. They are not written for technical display, but, though requiring fine artistic rendering to interpret them justly, they are incidents and sentiments naturally and ably expressed. We are glad to make this young composer known to our readers, and hope to have the opportunity to know and say more of him in the future.

The compositions are got up in a style highly creditable to the establishment of Mr. Sawyer.

Three Beautiful Ballads, by Anna Burchard. "Come Back to Kathleen," "The Heart can ne'er Grow Cold," "Sing me to Sleep, Mother." C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York.

These are three very simple songs, with familiar and agreeable melodies, and easy accompaniments. They have little musical merit, but they have, in their simplicity, the elements of popularity.

When Lovers say "Good Night." Serenade by J. L. Hatton. C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway.

This serenade was written for Signor Brignoli, by one of the very best song writers of the day, J. L. Hatton, the author of "Good-bye Sweetheart," and five hundred other beautiful ballads. It shows the thorough skill of the composer in the excellent treatment of the subject, and in the hands of a good singer it is very effective. It is, probably, a little more spun out than we usually find in Hatton's ballads, but it is a thoroughly good song, and should become generally popular.

Valse Brillante. Composed by Oscar Mapes Newell. Wm. A. Pond & Co., N. Y.

This is the work of a student in art, who is both ambitious and promising. It would have been better, of course, if he had retained it as an exercise, as but few, if any, first productions are fit to appear outside the closet. This Waltz is a series of passages, which have quite a brilliant effect when executed clearly and rapidly. It lacks that one great essential of a waltz, Concert Waltz or otherwise, namely, a broad, appreciable melody, without which the end and the aim of such a composition has been missed. Still, it evinces a certain degree of facility, from which we may augur much better things in the future. There is a certain flashy brilliancy about it, which apparently renders it very popular, for whenever Mr. Newell plays it in public, he is certain to be vociferously encored. We wish Mr. Newell well, for we think he is earnest, active and enthusiastic; but it would be well if he would remember that there is no "royal road to knowledge," —that it is impossible to leap into eminence, and that slow and sure is the maxim which will surely lead to success, for the inner force of genius is the power to wait.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, July, 1867.

DEAR MR. WATSON:

My brief congé that I received from Prof. Stamaty having expired, I have again resumed my studies, and I am now enjoying a true musical honeymoon with old Beethoven. You will remember that I stopped at the 12th Sonata, that my fingers succumbed to its sublime difficulties. This Sonata (A flat, op. 26), according to De Lenz, is the most perfect of all his Sonatas. Such a great creation, he says, comes from Heaven, and comes only once in the lifetime of an artist. Rochlitz finds in the Andante and Variations a village history, a tender young heart reared beneath a rustic cottage, and nursed by soft, country breezes; but De Lenz thinks they tell a grander story than the simple village loves of Rochlitz. He says these variations are a true touch-stone for artists; by them we can tell if the pianist who interprets them is a *Prix du Conservatoire* or a poet. De Lenz speaks quite contemptuously of the efforts of children to perform them, and relates that this Andante was the entire life of an artist

named Wehrstaedt, who in 1827 was the first professor in Geneva. De Lenz, who was a pupil of this old master, thus describes his first lesson with Wehrstaedt: "When the master came to give me my lesson, he seated himself in silence beside the horrible piano of the *pension*, after having addressed to me a little dry salutation. I opened the Sonata of Beethoven. Casting a melancholy glance at me, he said, 'Why this piece? Why not the galop of Herz?' 'I love it. I have often played it,' said I. 'What a pity! You *cannot* know what this page contains!' I commenced to play it, as it is usually performed by those who have learnt it of good masters. 'Stop,' he said, and took my place at the piano. To tell you how he played it, is impossible. His fingers clove to the keys *à la* Siamese brothers; the theme of Beethoven, the piano and the man were one. Never have I heard such ligato, and such penetrating expression. Wehrstaedt concluded that in following his advice, I might hope in one year to play the first eight bars *en proprement*. The crescendo at the ninth exacted a new and serious study of crescendo in general, and of this in particular; as for the last part of the motive, I must renounce the idea of playing it, he said, on account of the diabolical trill upon the *ré*, a study of twenty years not having permitted him to play it always properly." This trill, it will be remembered, is made with the fourth and fifth fingers of the right hand. After this, I need not blush at my digital weakness.

As I never see my old love, the ART JOURNAL, you cannot expect me to anticipate what will most interest you. I know nothing of your correspondents in Paris, but I presume that you are informed of all the great events that are transpiring, so that I will only write you of my own enjoyments.

Two Sundays ago I heard some very interesting music at the last of the Concerts given by the Société des Concerts in the theatre of the Conservatoire. The tickets were very difficult to obtain, so I appealed to my artist friend, Mlle. Laure C—, to purchase one for me, and it was agreed that I should accompany her. Nothing was said about the price I would give, or the location we should occupy; all was left to my friend; but when I arrived at the dwelling of my Muse, she remarked that it was a pity I had made such a pretty toilette, for we had seats very high up. Very high, indeed, I thought, as I seated myself in the *paradis*; they could not have been higher, unless we had perched upon the roof,—and the temperature was far from salubrious. But Laure said, as she saw my disappointment, "You know, *ma cherie*, that this is the best place in the house for *hearing*." And truly I never listened to such grandeur of tone. The concert commenced with the famous C minor Symphony of Beethoven. The orchestra is composed chiefly of the professors of the Conservatoire, Alard being one of them. I assure you this grand old symphony was rendered in very different tempo from that adopted by Mons. Bilse and his cold orchestra at the Cercle International. For me the hearing of it will be memorable. I *felt* as well as heard every note. Never before did I hear such *brio* and *abandon*, if I may use the word here. Mlle. Laure whispered, "One can see that they play *par cœur*." Next came a chorus by Grétry, sung by male voices without accompaniment, and followed by a *Hallelujah* chorus by male and female voices, that was full of joy and transported me to Heaven. Then some fragments of the

Septuor of Beethoven were given, and a grand psalm of Marcello, sounding like the voice of eternity; and finally we had the diabolical Freischutz overture.

At the celebration of the *Fete Dieu* at St. Roch last month I heard some very beautiful music. There was an *orchestre de symphonie* and an *orchestre de fanfare*, two organs, a chorus of 100 voices, and a boy soprano whose solos quite set me wild. There was also a female soprano, whose florid notes strayed in from the distant *Chapelle du Calvaire*, for in the main part of the church no woman is permitted to sing. As the procession was forming, the *orchestre de symphonie* played some charming selections from Papa Rossini's *William Tell*, and then came the Wedding March of that angel of beauty, Mendelssohn; and as the procession slowly defiled through the long, dim aisles of St. Roch, the band played *Partant pour la Syrie*, and enlivening galops and polkas, which I thought were rather trying to the priests and nuns; but their feet never seemed to yield to the alluring music, and they marched with most recollected air, scarce raising their eyes from their breviaries.

And oh, the pretty sight! every age, office and sex were represented: the demoiselles in bride's attire, virgin-white, close veiled, each little head wreathed with sweet roses, and bearing in their hands bunches of white lilies; *le Suisse*, in scarlet uniform and cocked hat and glittering halberd; bright banners borne by flower-decked youths, and maidens strewing rose-leaves along the way; the blessed sacrament carried under a golden canopy by reverend priests. Never did I receive so singular an impression as, while kneeling in the little side chapel, I watched this morning's spectacle, and listened to the gay music as it reverberated from pictured dome to pillared arch.

Some time ago I wrote you of the influx here of infant musical prodigies from America. Since then I have learnt that *enfants terribles* are not peculiar to our country, but are indigenous also to the soil of France. There is a lithograph in the window of a music store in the rue St. Honore upon which I often gaze with wonder if not admiration. It is of a child pianist of five years. The little girl stands by the piano; her eyes turned heavenward. She has what is supposed to be a rapt expression upon her infantile countenance, and there is the amazingly short upon characteristic of prodigies. I believe she has played at the Exhibitions this summer.

A few evenings ago I met *la petite Fanfan*, a true prodigy. She is a child of eight, who takes the principal part in the play of *La Famille Benoiton*, which was written for her. She is very lovely, with blonde hair, and the gray eyes of genius. I heard her recite several pieces—Cowper's Rose, and Shakespeare's Juliet. Of course she did not understand a word of English, but the inflection of her voice and the passion she expressed in these poetic creations implied something more than good teaching; but in her character of Fanfan, a species of young America, she is the soul of the play, and imitatively clever.

Two other prodigies of genius I met the same evening—the brother and sister Perry. They are musical, have together written operas, and a mass that has been sung at St. Roch. The boy is fourteen and the demoiselle sixteen. The young lady has also written a drama.

I suppose you have had full accounts of the great festival of the 1st of July, and *cher Papa Rossini's* latest creation, the *Hymn to Napoleon III.* and his valiant people. I wonder if you have seen as many contradictory statements respecting it as I have—some profound critics styling it trash—unworthy of the occasion, whilst others have found in it all the inspiration of his brighter days. For my part, I found it highly exhilarating, especially the final chorus given by the *ensemble* of over a thousand executants, with accompaniments of ringing of bells and discharge of cannon.

I presume you are rejoicing with me over the triumph of the American pianos, and my especial delight, the Chickering pianos in particular. A gold medal and the Legion of Honor for Mr. Frank Chickering. *Eureka!*

CECILIA.

—♦—♦—♦—
MUSICAL LETTERS BY FERDINAND HILLER.

JOSEPHINE LANG, THE SONG-COMPOSER.

(CONTINUED.)

Life continued to draw its chains still more sternly around her. From her twelfth year, she had given eight hours' lessons every day, and now there were added the duties which devolved upon her as Royal Chapel Singer. It was only in the stillness of the night, or during walks which had become indispensable, that she could give ear to the suggestions of her genius. On the other hand, many were the joys that fell to her lot. Personages of high, nay, the highest rank, took the most lively interest in her. Kings and Queens, Schelling and Cornelius, Liszt and Thalberg, Lachner and Taubert, Stephen Heller and Ernst, besides innumerable others, sought her acquaintance; she was drawn into the very first circles—I almost believe she was the fashion. In many of her pupils, most of whom were older than herself, she found, after passing with them a period of dreamy poetry, genuine friends for life. A journey to Salzburg with one of them procured her the pleasure of being allowed to play before Mozart's mother, and her celebrated sister, and being distinguished by Neukomm. All this was well and good, but it did not satisfy the want experienced by the fair young artist for more lasting and higher musical instruction. She had relations in Vienna—after long hesitation and delay, it was resolved that she should be permitted to go thither. Her portmanteau was packed up, her passport made out, nay, even her seat in the stagecoach paid for—but it was so hard for her father to part with her that she gave up with filial love all her projects. It was her last attempt to leave home! When her father died, a year later, Josephine was more necessary than ever to her excellent stepmother and some young brothers and sisters, and the beautiful, high-soaring plans, fostered by men like Mendelssohn and Stieler, and, indeed, by every one around her, were for ever frustrated. To this was added her weak bodily organization: seeing how pale and slender she was, people could hardly understand how she managed to support all the work and excitement she had to go through. True, she was often laid upon a sick couch. She was compelled by violent inflammation to drink whey. Queen Caroline, who was very partial to her, sent her to the baths of Kruth, in the Bavarian High-

lands. Her stay there was the turning point of her life. Invigorated by the magnificent mountain air, Josephine one day sang one of her songs. A young man, who occupied the next room, was particularly moved by it. He made enquiries, was informed it was a "strange singer from Munich," and got introduced to her. His name was Christian Reinhold Köstlin. My readers will guess the rest.

Köstlin, one of the most distinguished German jurists, was eminently gifted, both poetically and musically. Under his surname of Reinhold, he published a large number of lyrical pieces, fragments of dramatic poems, stories and romances, which were most extensively appreciated. He played, moreover, his Beethoven by heart, and possessed a profound insight into the art and science of tone. In a few days there sprang up between the two young persons, who had met by such an accident and so providentially, a poetico-musical correspondence, unique, perhaps, in the endless stories of loving hearts. Every day Reinhold used to send the fair singer a new song. On the morrow it was returned, set to music and daintily copied out, and then sung by them both. In this way there was gradually produced a whole series of new songs; and, also, a mutual liking, strong and deep, genuine and frank, but—dumb! After being cured by her course of whey, Josephine returned to her friends, the Stielers, at Tegernsee, whither Reinhold followed her and was soon one of the favorites of the agreeable circle. But the hour of separation was approaching. Was it only a dream? asked the maiden of herself, during a long sad year of sickness. The answer was contained in letter from Reinhold, who greeted her in it as his beloved future wife. Then came new happiness and new joys; then came, too, new songs and music without end. In the spring of 1842, Reinhold and Josephine celebrated their nuptials, Reinhold's father, the Prelate von Köstlin of Stuttgart, uniting the happy pair. They floated down the Rhine. On the steamer, Reinhold wrote some verses on a little bird hovering in the air far above his head, and his young wife composed the melody. It is the only song of that period. It is not profound grief alone that the Muse shuns; she flies, equally, from supreme happiness. Reinhold, who had been appointed Professor of Jurisprudence at Tübingen, took his bride to the little cottage he had built for his own occupation alone. In this "Köstlin Villa," as the people christened it, the rare couple lived quiet, retired and—happy. The fair artist Josephine disappeared before the Professor's wife—nay, the musical had, perhaps, to yield to the culinary, art. But music still remained the gem of their lives, and no family rejoicing, no festive event took place, without being celebrated by poetry and song. Besides this, there was the society of the most celebrated men—there were visitors of the most interesting kind. Josephine enjoyed the unique happiness of singing to Uhland, Lenau, Rückert, and Kerner, the melodies with which their songs had inspired her. "A man is fortunate," said Uhland one day to Köstlin, "when his own songs are sung to him, as yours are to you, by his own wife."

Meanwhile cradle-song played the principal part in her history! Four boys and two little daughters appeared in a comparatively short time upon the stage, and the piano was probably now and then not opened for months together. The mother, too, fell ill,